

Divine Inspiration

by Maven Treecat

<https://www.weasyl.com/~maventreecat>

*Extreme Content Warning: Casual, extreme degradation, normalization, public humiliation, hyper cocks, absurd insertions, cock vore, graphic and painful digestion, unwilling, dubious consent, willing, hypnosis/mind control, body modification, nullification, gore, snuff, portals, sex toys, inflation, impregnation, fatal, implied reformation, cruelty, objectification, drugs/aphrodisiacs, worship...
...just a lot of goo-bunny goddess and Taystie Park stuff, okay?*

Cherrisse sighed contently. While she wasn't there in any official capacity, her status as an honorary mascot always got her past the lines and straight to the fun at Taystie Park. When one of the more familiar (and smarter) employees was working the entrance, they also made sure she entered with an early gift to help her start the day strong.

So there the pink bunny was, all smiles, splayed into a bench near the entrance. The sun was hours away from the height of its arc, but she loved how the growing warmth beat into her utterly unclothed form. The playful music on the park's speakers didn't cover the sounds of muffled screaming and crunching, but Cherrisse kept her legs spread shamelessly wide. The early bird visitors—if they didn't know before—quickly got a feel for the type of amusements waiting for them in the particularly unique establishment thanks to her; the even earlier bird who'd just signed the release forms when the honorary mascot arrived got to know all the better.

As the sparrow woman in her balls writhed and melted into pure, thick spunk, Cherrisse looked over the arrivals as if she were perusing a menu at Taystie's food court. While she appreciated the refill she was currently working on, the bunny knew what she wanted that day. There was a type that inevitably found their way to this perverse place, a type far more innocent and yet also far more depraved than what her balls were currently compressing into a broken, garbling mess of broken bones and dissolving gore.

"Didn't even get a stamp, huh?" Cherrisse casually observed, reaching down to give her sack a squeeze and feel the spasming cocksack slowly get ground down alive. She didn't take her eyes off the entrance, though, utterly unbothered at the former sparrow's final moments as a grizzly protrusion within her flesh. "Well, I hope you had fun with your first and final time here at Taystie!"

ScRUNCH! *Glooosh, glrrrr~*

With the ballbatter taken care of and her balls rounding out without a single trace of anything having happened, the bunny rested a hand on her cock, the semi-hard length still far thicker than any of her lithe, playfully-sized limbs, and redoubled her efforts at looking over each

and every potential victim, victimizer, slut, and master that walked through the entryway. Her tall, perky ears twitched at some distant words, and her eyes locked on their source. Cherrisse smiled brightly like a child looking into an ice cream shop's window, her eyes full of hope and utterly missing any sign of her twisted desires.

“...know the saying, dear: ‘When in Rome...!’”

Cherrisse's eyes locked on, divine instincts instantly drawing her to the source of those faint words. *There*.

The one who'd spoken was obviously a certified human milf, her large breasts hanging with a tell-tale middle-aged sag and her body bearing plenty of plump curves. There was a mild embarrassment to her stance, but it was clear she'd made the call to check their clothing in. However, it was obviously her first time...and her gait and expression clearly showed she only knew as much as a single brochure and some answered questions at the gate might've provided. The “Welcome to Taystie!” pamphlet in her hand didn't hurt, either.

The bunny, however, was mainly sizing up the one the well-fed woman spoke to. The addressee of the earlier comment, covering the peaks of her boobs with one arm and her muff with the other, was clearly humiliated. Her long, straight black hair waved side to side as she walked, drifting across the small of her back, and green eyes looked nervously around, locking onto each and every hint of the true depths of this place's “fun”. If she wasn't in her final teenage years, she was only a few years past them. Her legs were tight and her gait was awkward, as if her thighs prioritized squeezing against each other over any natural movement forwards despite her shame. *No*, the bunny thought, because of it.

The young lady's eyes fell on Cherrisse. They lowered to the bunny's white sack, orbs rounded with a massive load. They raised briefly to see the trunk of a cock and its fade to that firm, fleshy pink at its prominent head. Then, they looked away while tightening her grip on her snatch.

That was all Cherrisse needed as an invitation. “Hi! Welcome to Taystie Park, newbies!” the nude bunny giggled to the small family of women, planting her hands on her hips as she approached.

“Oh, hello!” the mother responded, drawing Cherrisse's eye long enough for the bunny to categorize her as a milf in her mind. “Do you work here?”

“In an honorary capacity! I'm just here to have fun today. But I can help visitors *and* have fun!” she responded honestly.

“How did you know we were new?”

The question from her primary target was almost cute in its naivety. "Nobody coming here a second time would be so embarrassed about having such a gorgeous body! I'm Cherrisse! What's your name?"

The long-haired girl huffed, arm tucking tighter into her heavy chest-endowments and causing the fatty flesh to bulge further outwards. "Skyla. This is my mom, Elaine."

"A mother-daughter outing!" Cherrisse cheered, hopping and attracting the women's eyes to what bounced along with her. "How wonderful! Taystie really is better with people you love, even if each of you find your own types of fun." She circled around, reaching up to rest a hand on Skyla's shoulder. "Since you're looking the most nervous about my little playground here, why don't you let me show you around? I'm sure your mom will find her way to where I'm positive she'll end up on her own!"

"Oh? You already have an idea of where I might find something fun?"

"Mhm!" the bunny said with a nod to the voluptuous lady. "You're a big girl with a lot of experiences, right?" she teased, loving the blush that arose from her words. "Well, you probably won't be satisfied by the beginner stuff! A well-aged lady like you probably has to end up at the Tayste Tanks!"

Elaine glanced at the map in her brochure, finding the star on the legend associated with that name. "Well, I suppose it wouldn't hurt to check it out if it means Skyla gets a mascot tour," the curvy woman commented after only a moment, smiling brightly as she folded the brochure closed again. "It's not every day you get such special attention, Sky! Have fun!"

Before Skyla could say anything in protest, her mother waved bye and began walking purposefully towards Cherrisse's suggestion.

Skyla stood dumbfounded, only interrupted by a light elbowing from the adorable bunny lady. "Not going to tell your mom goodbye? You might regret it!" the voice chimed, distracting Skyla enough from her stunned awkwardness to prompt her to wave back at Elaine. She didn't even recognize that she'd uncovered her groin to do so; Cherrisse, however, did.

"*Eep!*" the girl squeaked, her mound newly penetrated by the eager mascot's fingers.

"See? You've a nice cunt, Skyla!" Cherrisse commented. The way those folds began to moisten and tremble around her fingers made the park regular certain she'd hit the jackbox for her desires. Skyla trembled, but she couldn't manage to bring her hand back down to shield herself again; the bunny couldn't help but lick over her lips. "Nothing to be ashamed of around here. You're going to need those hands for things that *will* be shameful."

"S-...shameful?!" the trembling girl gasped.

The pink bunny grinned, curling her fingers inside Skyla. "Yup! That's what the park is all about. Playing with those silly taboos you take for granted outside to allow for all sorts of fun! And I'm gonna make sure you realize just how much you love all the possibilities!"

Skyla finally brought herself to look down, and the pink hand withdrew. Two fingers glistened with what she could only assume was her own arousal. Skyla opened her mouth to speak, but..."g/k!"...she soon found those fingers thrust into her own mouth.

Cherrisse wasn't about to tell the girl she'd added a little something to the moisture she'd collected from the girl's sex. Instead, she tugged on, prodded within, and played with Skyla's mouth, looking in as if evaluating livestock. Only once she'd gotten a good look did she play those human reflexes against Skyla, coaxing the girl's mouth to close and suckle those fingers clean. The shudder her target gave from the new, lewd feeling was almost reward in and of itself. "See? You're a natural," the bunny cooed.

The bunny's fingers popped free, leaving the taste of Skyla's own pleasure in her mouth. Skyla raised her freed hand to cover her blush, figuring the sudden assault was over. "I uh...I don't know how to take that," she admitted.

"It's a compliment you can be ashamed of, of course," Cherrisse responded with a big smile. "Now come on, slut! We've got so many things to do to you if we're to see you having your best fun at Tayste!" She grabbed the girl's arm and began to make large strides towards the inner park.

Skyla felt the tug on her wrist, but she didn't budge. "I...I'm not sure I want this."

The bunny pouted, stopping her cartoonish walking-in-place to look at that tiny layer of resistance protecting that bright core of dignity and self-worth. The pout, however, was entirely superficial; this was exactly what she'd been looking for. "Hmf. Don't trust my bubbly personality and confident smile alone, huh? Well," she hummed thoughtfully, eyes glinting with a cruel plan, "how about we make a bet?"

"A bet?"

"Mhm. I'll even make it a hard one for me to win so that it'll be convincing for you!"

Skyla bit her lip. While she wasn't a gambling person, there was a growing enthusiasm on the bunny's face that tugged at her heart to at least give it a fair chance. The throb from the mascot's flaccid fuckrod certainly helped by giving a new, tiny voice in her head some additional volume. "I suppose Mom would hate it if I didn't give this place and trip a chance," she relented. "...what's the bet?"

The bunny proudly and bombastically counted each part on her fingers. "I bet you three things! First, that I'll ruin you in only one way and you'll absolutely love it. Secondly, that you'll beg to spend your entire trip here with me afterwards as my personal disposable slut! And third," she announced, enthusiastically throwing out three fingers as her smile stretched into an ever-so-slightly malevolent grin, "you'll call me goddess while doing it~"

Skyla's heart beat faster at the thought of doing such a depraved and desperate thing. Her mind, though, noted how incredibly specific and unbelievable a scenario the mascot provided. *Surely, this should be easy...for a respectable girl.* But...she had to ask. "...ruin?"

Cherrisse grinned. "Mhm. I'm going to change just one part of yourself in such a way no dignified person would ever choose. And it'll be *permanently*. ..." The silence hung, the bunny loving the terrified expression growing on the girl's face. Then, she pointed at the back of Skyla's hand. "...at least, until that stamp of yours works its magic,"

Skyla looked to the park's stamp on her fair skin. "...that's right. The ticket guy said this was if we wanted to be sure we could find our way out. I thought it was like...tracking ink?"

"It lets you exit the same way you walked in, mhm," the bunny clarified. "But...it's not too hard for a VIP like me to stop. But I promise I'll not erase it...this time. Your permanent ruining will be only for this Tayste life."

The girl bit her lip. "This...sounds like a very generous bet. What's the bet for?"

Cherrisse reached up, pointing in a way to prod into the heavy tit Skyla continued to hide. "You follow my instructions for a bit, you ride one ride with me, and then we'll see who wins. If you win, I'll help you have a 'normal' carnival time, make sure you don't hit any of those things that might embarrass you despite all the fun little surprises this park has hidden everywhere. You'll be helpless and offended without me if you're not deep down begging for this stuff, so that's really generous of me! Especially since I'd mostly have to avoid *my* fun."

Skyla nodded, the corner of her eye catching a dog girl screaming in surprise as the pathway buckled beneath her and sent her vanishing down a dark metal tube below ground. "...sounds good. And...?"

Cherrisse pointed to herself, her mostly flat chest making substantially less of a lewd divot than Skyla's did with the exact same prod. "If I win...I'll give you what you *really* want. You'll worship me, I'll completely ruin you, you'll thank me...and then I'll dispose of you!"

Spoken so plainly, Skyla's breath was driven from her lungs. Her knees squeezed tighter together. A voice in her head mumbled something, but her conscious mind didn't hear; it simply was firmly acknowledging that such a thing was *wrong*. It was *perverse*. It was...*shameful*.

“...okay.”

“Okay?” the bunny questioned, extending a hand. “Then let’s shake on it! As if we were equals.”

The girl gulped, nodded, and took the offered hand with a shake. “It’s a bet.”

That massive pink cock pulsed, grabbing both of their attentions as a thick drool of pre squirted out with the volume and force of a full-on orgasm. Cherrisse just shrugged at the staring human. “Sorry. It sometimes does that around sluts begging to be turned into shameful trash. Anyway, first instruction: relax those arms, no more hiding. I want those fat udders on display, okay?”

Skyla took a deep breath. *It’s for the bet*, the voice in her head reminded her. Then she lowered her arms, finally letting the oversized tits rock in the open, nipples already firm and perky. She directed her green eyes away in embarrassment as the mascot intently studied the bounty before her.

“Barely have to do anything to those lovely things,” the bunny observed, licking her lips with unclear intent. “You’re practically a shut-in nerd’s wet dream of a sex doll already. Still would, though; always can be more silly. Now come on, Skyla! We’ve a day at the park to fill with excitement!”

This time, the pink cartoony mascot’s tug at her wrist got the girl moving. “So Skyla,” Cherrisse happily asked as she walked her find along, “why don’t you fondle those slutty pillows of yours and tell me all about your dirtiest fantasies?”

I’m in for it now, the voice mused happily in Skyla’s head. She had to agree.

Skyla’s head was spinning. She’d seen lives destroyed, park goers reclassified in perverse and objectifying ways, and heard orgasmic moans as much as terrified pleas. Bodies were warped, modified, removed, and added, and minds were tweaked, obliterated, enhanced, and drained. All the while, the park never lost its casual cheery atmosphere or the ever-present scent of spilled sexual fluids. There were rarely people enjoying the game booths in a normal way, and few were getting off a ride with clothes, dignity, and status unchanged. Almost everything was at the taboo expense of another, and most people loved it. And for those who didn’t...her mascot guide was quick to point out how hard or soaked they were. “Maximal fun at any cost,” she cheerily would say before taking Skyla to the next stop.

Cherrisse, to her credit, was a good guide. She did occasionally treat her guest to the normal things she wanted: cotton candy, a magic show, and a bit of time trying on jewelry at one of the shops. However, there was no disguising her focus.

“Natural talent, I told you!” she said as Skyla’s breasts slotted into the “pleasure tester machine”, the lights shooting up until it reached the label ‘PRIME SLUT MATERIAL’ and giggling at how the girl blushed when the machine loudly announced the result for all passersby and observers. One machine over, a cow screamed in shock as the machine’s lights reached one of the highest labels.

Ding! HISS-SHUNK! “MEATSLUT HARVEST!”

Skyla jerked back immediately once she saw how the cow had been left by the machine’s quick slicing. “Don’t worry, Skyla,” her guide explained as a friendly, rubbery-looking salamander strided forward to firmly escort the breastless woman off to another ‘attraction’, “the rest of her will get some fun too.”

The strange seats at the competitive water gun carnival game were quickly explained too when, once the competitors were seated, each player’s center target was replaced by the appearance of a cunt or cock, each magically gaped. She tried to keep her stream steady, but soon her neighbor found their aim; a rush of water firmly squirted up her own tunnel, quickly adding Skyla’s moans and whines to the growing chorus. When her gun was emptied, all of it having flooded into a dog’s swollen testicles, the mechanism sounded a *ding-ding-ding!* And the crier shouted “Player 4! Congratulations! Which seat would you like as your reward?”

“Seat?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll choose for you since you don’t seem the type,” Cherrisse interjected, leaning over her shoulder and pointing the crier’s attention to a younger mouse girl who appeared to be having trouble getting up from her seat. “That one, please!”

POP!

Skyla stood up, as did her competitors. When she noticed each competitor patting over newly nullified groins, she instinctively reached to touch her own folds. The real prize was keeping hers. The bunny, meanwhile, happily accepted a sturdy, massive flashlight-shaped item from the crier and guided Skyla away. She watched as her guide lifted her heavy, hard cock and sheathed it with the item. The mouse squeaked in immediate ecstasy, falling to the ground as her abdomen began to slowly grow a rounded bulge.

“Good shooting, Skyla!” Cherrisse said as she continued to lazily throb and drool thick spunk into her toy, the mouse’s portable cunt stretched to near-breaking as a strange mascot absentmindedly knocked her up without even being near her. “Was almost worried I’d have to

win back your sexy hole before it got shipped off to the farms or shops.” Her tone let Skyla know, as the girl clutched her mound almost possessively, that she wasn’t worried at all.

The bunny didn’t let Skyla skip a station with a rack of dangling dildos of all shapes and sizes. “Just see how deep you can swallow a cock without using your hands!” her guide encouraged, pointing at a few that passed as the rack’s track slowly circled the exotic assortment around. “I’d probably recommend...that fleshy gryphon one.”

“Why that one?”

“Well, I think it’s achievable for an uncertain but naturally talented slut like you to take under your own power! Otherwise I’d point you to that one.” The massive pink rubber package that Cherrisse pointed to didn’t take Skyla long to recognize, even if the original was still hidden inside a toy.

Skyla stood on the small platform, the rack lowered to her height, as the gryphon cock slowly approached on its automated path. It hit against the side of her face as it rocked with a soft *plap*, She bent her knees, and thrust upwards, mouth agape.

Glrk! Glrrk....ssllrp-... ”Gwah!”

The sensation of her throat feeling full of such a perverse shape was only for a second, but the girl’s legs trembled at the new feeling. When she separated, she looked at the dangling toy; her lips’ progress had stopped at the knot’s widest point, the phallus slicked with her saliva as it rotated away towards the station’s rear. “So close!” Cherrisse clapped, other watchers giving an encouraging round of applause for her attempt.

“My turn!” a wolf girl cheered. “I’ll show you how it’s done!”

Skyla watched as the rack was adjusted to the newcomer, and the gryphon cock came around again. Up the wolf girl went, engulfing the toy eagerly.

ShGIRK! “...ggh? Hhhgg?”

Her lips at the base, it was clear from how she stumbled to the side that the wolf girl could no longer let go. Everyone cheered as the rack was raised, the wolf girl’s throat bulging with the lewd impression of cock as her feet dangled above the ground, and soon the girl vanished into the back like a hangar of clothes at a dry cleaner’s to the surprise of very few in the crowd.

“Where is she going?” Skyla curiously asked.

“Ooh, do you really want to know?” Cherrisse excitedly responded.

“...maybe later.”

Each and every event Cherrisse led Skyla to with an extra bit of excitement in her skip always promised a possibility of humiliating use or modification. Slowly, the smart girl learned how to anticipate the perversions, but each time the park went one step further promising something she'd never have considered on her own. And each time she participated, the voice in her head got louder and louder.

Isn't this fun? I should do shameful things more often!

“Almost noon,” the bunny observed, kicking her feet off a bench, her cock flaccid and in the open once more. “I don't think it'd be fair to go too much longer with the bet. We'll need the afternoon for your reward!”

Skyla nodded, chugging water from a large water bottle the bunny had pointed her towards. At this point, she was pretty sure most water fountains in the park were a bad idea. “...oh! I suppose so. I guess you've one last idea then?”

Cherrisse looked to the side and nodded. “Well, two. But the first of them is short. Just want to give you something to think about during my last big idea.”

Her charge nodded, finishing the bottle and throwing it away in a nearby garbage can. She tried to ignore the sound of a degraded groan from the object that rewarded her responsible trashing. “Okay, Cherrisse. Instruct away!”

“Get on your knees in front of me, between my legs.”

The forwardness caused Skyla more pause than even the last life she'd seen cut short in a carnival surprise. “...r-really? Not another booth or...”

“The other park guests are one of the attractions, too,” Cherrisse said, grinning and waving her small tuft tail against the bench's back. “Why not indulge in other people? Visitors, employees, mascots, staff...*anything* for your pleasure.”

Skyla took the bunny's lesson as a sign she was serious. She lowered herself to the ground, crawled forward until her knees were pressing into the grass below the seat, and settled down her ass atop her ankles.

As soon as the girl looked up, Cherrisse used both hands to lower her sack atop the girl's face. She sighed as the heavy balls weighed down on those pretty features. “Take a deep

breath, slut,” she cheerily instructed without any avarice in her voice. Her perky ears reveled in the sound of Skyla obeying. She grinned and shifted her hips, smearing her package over that supple human skin.

“Like it?” she giggled. “Did you know, while I was saying hi to you that first time, the last bits of a nice sparrow lady were churning into thick cream? She didn’t have a bracelet or badge...she didn’t even have a stamp! I ended her life *permanently*. It wasn’t even pleasant! It was incredibly painful. She came here to die mere minutes into her visit. She’s not even getting an afterlife. I ruined her soul too. Entirely disposable...because I was certain my pleasure was far more than she’d have with a fun outing here and then going back to a normal life.”

There was motion below. Skyla was becoming intimately aware of the smooth, fleshy bunny sack and its musk, the scent of countless uses and orgasms scrubbing into her cheeks. Cherrisse didn’t let her relax. “I can’t even see you beneath my balls, Sky,” she snickered. “I’m pretty much the only one who knows you’re there letting me teabag you! It’s a good look...but I don’t have to see you right now to know: you’d love being in there.”

slk...slk...slk...

There was a faint noise, slowly repeating. Cherrisse didn’t stop, though. “I wouldn’t have to make it painless or especially pleasing. You’d be so ashamed that you’d cum yourself silly as you agonizingly melted down. You’re a true slut, Skyla. All that dignity and self-control, that suppression of desires and respectability...you have so much to lose! But now that you’re here, you’re finally burying your fingers in your cunt because you know how shameful it’d be to have all that and *still* want to give it up...”

The noise stopped, and Cherrisse stood up and walked over the kneeling girl, dragging her balls over that head of long black hair until it once again rocked free between the mascot’s legs. One of Skyla’s hands had fingers that glistened in the near-noon sunlight. The pink bunny grinned. “But all you have to do to not be shameful is not do all three of those things in my bet! It’s really too easy. So come on! Let’s go try a ride~”

Skyla stumbled to her feet, her face potentially red, and followed.

She knows me so well. She must be a goddess, the voice in her head said. *I wonder how amazing it would be to worship her.*

Loud and clear, in her own voice, Skyla slowly began accepting the intrusive thoughts as her own.

“A log flume?”

The incredulous question wasn't unexpected as they approached the busy structure, a large mountain encircled by canals of water upon which subtly track-bound log boats sailed. Cherrisse skipped the line, the employee recognizing the VIP and her guest and allowing them enter the fast-track lane to the displeasure of some.

"...is this really a normal ride?" her charge asked again.

"With me? No way!" Cherrisse answered in a bubbly, almost sing-songy response. "I promise the drop at the end will *ruin* you! I still owe you that, remember?"

The next boat arrived. The bright pink mascot waved down one of the ride operators. "We're taking the splash zone on this one, okay?" she told him. The ram nodded and opened the frontmost door of the log as others filled in the seats behind.

Skyla took a look at the seats Cherrisse had picked. Built into the flat bench that sat behind the raised safety bar extended two particularly large but plain plastic dildos for the far seat and one dildo on the near seat. The front of the near seat, however, had a solid metal tube that extended firmly forward. "Of course."

"After you," the mascot instructed.

Skyla grimaced as she carefully sat upon the protrusions, groaning as her less experienced sex and butt both slowly filled with firm plastic. Their size wasn't particularly ambitious, but the simultaneous pressure was new. To her surprise, Cherrisse sat down upon the single shaft without even the slightest issue and lifted her cock to sound herself on the metal tube. "It's only fair!" the bunny commented casually as her guest looked wide-eyed at her. It was as if the bunny didn't even feel them there.

The log lurched forward in the racing waters, slowly following its path up and into the mountain. Animatronic figures acted out a parable about a bear and fox who set up rules and expectations for people. Skyla's focus drifted, though, even as the plucky rabbit hero realized he knew better and that both fox and bear had set up rules they specifically wanted to break; the plastic she'd plugged both of her holes with was vibrating, and the vibrations grew more and more potent the further up the log ride carried her.

I need this. People will know, but I need this.

"Aw come on, Sky! Look! That could be you someday," Cherrisse teasingly commented at the final scene, pointing her guest towards the fox being fucked by the rabbit into a garbage bag while a strangely bear-like shape shifted within a snake. Skyla missed the parable entirely as her morning-long denial backfired, need flooding her mind.

It's so hot. Being beneath this bunny I just met's balls. She'd be so happy if I were a slut.

Then the final light shown up ahead. "Ready? Here it comes! One last thing to resist if you're a real person!" the bunny cheered, raising her hands up into the air away from the safety bar. "C'mon! Hands up!"

Don't resist. Let everybody know how shameful you are.

Skyla raised her hands, the rest of the ride following suit, as the log tipped over the edge. Then, finally, it plummeted.

Spray from the rapid waterfall showered the log's occupants, most of it hitting the 'splash zone' seats in the front. Wind whipped by as they descended, Skyla's tits lifting slightly despite their heft. Fluid pumped up into her ass and cunt through the dildos, hitting her insides with all the pressure of a water hose orgasm. Skyla's insides clenched involuntarily at the combination of factors, her face contorting as she convulsed in the strongest orgasm of her life. A camera somewhere snapped. The log hit the pool below, a wave of water utterly drenching Skyla and Cherrisse and sharing some of the cool fun with those in the seats behind.

Even as the peak wore off, Skyla slowly began to realize that the burning need was not subsiding. Her insides felt hot, desperate, begging for touch. Her entire body felt that way. She mashed her hands into her breasts, the forceful grips growing ever stronger and more relentless as she realized the stimulation was good but not enough. She shifted her hips, soon lifting her rear to slam back down onto the seat. Her lips ground against each other with a new need for oral stimulation.

She didn't notice that some of those in the back were doing similar things, even lifting the security bars to fuck. She did notice Cherrisse happily clapping as the ride reached its end destination. "Whoo! Always love the classics," she cheered as she hopped out of the faux-boat. She looked back, meeting those wide, green eyes. "Coming?"

"N...no....I can't." gasped the girl.

"Oh, I know it's hard for you to *cum*," the bunny teased, "But what I was asking was if you are able to get out?"

Skyla shook her head.

Cherrisse lifted the larger girl effortlessly from her seat and carried her off as the human made a display. "So...how do you like it? Special chemical treatment in that water," the mascot explained without a care in the world. "Normal people can shake it off," she lied, "You? Sluts? It drives into their flesh. Every bit of you that got splashed or drenched is now *permanently* needy. You'll need only the harshest pleasures and the most exquisite agonies if you want to cum.

You're not getting any rest."

She laid the squirming Skyla out on the ground as people watched. Her small pink hands reached for the girl's chest, put their palms against her nipples, and squeezed as if to juice an orange in one powerful and uncaring grip. Skyla screamed in delight even though Cherrisse knew how painful it was. "Yup...not an inch of these slutty tits of yours were spared."

She brought one hand lower and punched into Skyla's cunt, knuckles hitting firmly on the girl's cervix. The painful impact mingled with the pleasure, and the girl's eyes falling on all the snickering observers flooded her with shame. Her sex gushed.

"Filled both of these holes, too. You're hopeless. You said you were studying to be a chef? You're not cooking anymore. You're only good as an ingredient now, if that."

Cherrisse's smile was at its widest, her cock at her firmest since the day. She slapped her cock atop the prone human's abdomen. "Mm, all that smooth skin just soaked it up. You can't resist at all, can you?" she cooed down. "Just a tiny, weak chemical splash, and your inner desires flood out. I didn't even flinch, and I got just as wet and filled as you." Of course it wasn't true; Cherrisse hadn't let a single drop work into her body with a secret trick. But as far as everyone else and the hopeless girl she now was grinding was concerned? It was undeniable.

"So...I'll help you, Skyla. But first some questions..." Cherrisse kneaded into the vulnerable breasts. "...do you love being ruined like this?"

"Y-yes! I love it!"

"Wow...you're not going to live a dignified life, and you love it?" Cherrisse asked with fake astonishment. "Well, that sounds like a certain sort of trash I know a lot about. But that would mean you'd spend your entire time here being utterly degraded and spoiled by me until I dump you in the most shameful way I can." She slapped her cock against the exposed, wet belly of her guest. "Are you really okay with that?"

"Y-yes! Please!"

"Really? I'm not sure," Cherrisse mumbled. "This is more than just owning you, you know? You'd be a *disposable slut*. For the rest of your life, a life I'll cut incredibly short, you'll be somebody who discarded their hopes and dreams, threw away their potential, and moaned their way towards becoming worthless. It's the most shameful thing there is! You'd have to be undignified enough to drool from your cunt at the feeling of shame to want this. I couldn't do that to such a pretty, reserved, worthwhile gir..."

"Please, Cherrisse, please oh god please!" pleaded Skyla. "Yes, I want that!"

“Want...what?”

Skyla rasped a hasty breath. “I want to be your disposable slut!” she begged. “I need it! Please! I’ll be your disposable slut! I am your disposable slut!”

Cherrisse could feel the fluid squirting from Skyla’s hole as she spoke.beneath her balls. She drew her cock back, putting its pink firm head directly against the soaked hole and pressing teasingly. “Wow, you really want that. There’s nothing more embarrassing than *wanting* that, y’know. But I suppose I’m the best person for the job!” The bunny shivered, feeling her shaft pressing against a mound that had previously been so innocent and now was begging for her. “Really, though, whoever taught you about all this did you a favor. You look so hot, and you look like you’re having the time of your worthless life too! I think you should thank them.”

Goddess...

“Really, since you’re dedicating your entire life to this, whoever taught you and whoever ends up properly using you like the shameful trash you are really deserve more than thanks. Oh, what do you call it when you sacrifice valuable things and dedicate your life to someone?”

I need to say “Goddess, please...”

Cherrisse snapped her fingers. “Right! Worship. There’s probably countless hundreds or thousands already worshiping that person you want so desperately to ruin you, but I’m sure they’ll appreciate one more before you’re dealt with, never to have your shame sully any heaven you might’ve otherwise reached.”

I need to say “Goddess, please dispose of me!”

“I mean, if you’re not ready to worship, then it might seem like you’re being coerced!”

Say “Goddess, please dispose of me!”

“You only really feel true shame if you choose it yourself, you know!”

Say it!

Skyla’s eyes watered with utter desperation. “Goddess, please dispose of me!”

With that seeded voice utterly convincing Skyla, the bunny gave her brightest Taystie mascot smile, instantly relieving the atmosphere with casual cheer. “Wow, what a slut! Guess I was right all along. Now, let’s get you *truly* enjoying Taystie Park, shall we?”

ShGLORPH-pbtht! “Ghh-! Ahh! Ahhhh!”

Cherrisse's hips slammed forward, the girl's tender abdomen instantly bulging with the outline of the bunny's gravid cock and disgracefully expelling all the air that had unnecessarily filled where her goddess' cock now belonged, and didn't wait to begin casually hammering away. The fact Skyla's hands chose to reach for her own scream-moaning face, fruitlessly trying to hide her look of utter shame and bliss, rather than elsewhere made Cherrisse throb harder than anything else. It was exactly the sort of breakable toy she wanted for the week.

"Now, after I've bred you silly," the happy pink bunny pondered aloud as the slut beneath her groaned pitifully without restraint from the merciless pounding, "why don't we go find your Mom? You're the same breed, so I've little doubt that somebody at the Taystie Tanks helped her out and onto the lunch menu.. Maybe we'll be there in time to see her lose shape inside something? If not, I'll definitely make sure you can watch her get flushed to the tanks. I did tell her she'd end up there, and I'm sure you'll love more evidence of my divine instincts."

The look she got from Skyla was one of complete astonishment. Those green eyes, even as hazy with shame and ecstasy as they were, shone as if an entire new world had been opened before her: a new world where she would die meaninglessly purely for the twisted pleasures of herself and others. There weren't any prayers coming from that garbled mess of tortured, ecstatic moans, but those innocent, proud eyes...they were worshipping her already. She was worshipping her not despite but *because of* her painting the mental image of her mother being reduced to live meat and becoming just another indistinguishable load of shit in a septic tank of countless others and other normal food. And yet, the innocence was still there, helping ensure she never forgot how shameful it was to be cumming to the idea of her own mother being *dumped*.

"Mmph." It was the first truly pleased noise the pink bunny had made that day. Cherrisse's heart rushing with cruel pride and bliss at having found and made the perfect plaything. "Just like that. Keep looking like that! You'll never know fun like this any other way." She bent over Skyla, her fucking evolving into an enthusiastic mating press and splattering fluids across the park path. "Maximum fun at any cost here at Taystie...and, for me and you both, that cost is literally everything of yours...and nothing of mine. Aren't I a generous goddess?"

Fplap-phrrt, squelch-shlrff, shlorf-skrk... "Unnh! Aghh! Yes! Gugh! Thank you! Ahhn!"

SPLURCH, SPLURGCH, SLRSH, GLOOSH, sloosh...

It was good to be a goddess.